DC

CARTOON NETWORK

#53 DEC '01

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SCOOBY-DOO!

LIKE, IF YOU AX ME, WE'RE IN BIG TROUBLE, SCOOB!

SCOOBY-DOO! in PROM FRIGHT

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SIGH THERE SHE IS--
THE *GIRL OF MY DREAMS!*

EVERY NIGHT I'VE BEEN TUTORING HER THROUGH "EARLY AMERICAN LITERATURE" *AND* "ADVANCED PRINCIPLES OF GEOMETRY."

EVERY NIGHT, I'VE WANTED TO TELL HER HOW I FEEL ABOUT HER. EVERY NIGHT, I'VE WANTED TO ASK HER TO GO OUT WITH ME.

BUT EXPRESSING MYSELF TO HER HAS PROVED MORE DIFFICULT THAN CALCULATING THE AREA OF A CONE.

THE *PROM* IS IN TWO WEEKS, AND JUST AS *V=R2B X π X H*...

...I SHALL OVERCOME MY SHYNESS AND ASK HER TO BE MY DATE!

}GULP{ UH, ANNE-MARIE, I WAS WONDERING, WOULD YOU--

HEY THERE, ANNE-MARIE!

ZIP

HI, JORDAN.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, DORKENSTEIN? WHY DON'T YOU GO POP SOME OF THOSE ZITS?

I...I...

JORDAN! DEX WAS TRYING TO ASK ME SOMETHING BEFORE YOU SWOOPED IN.

SO, ASK HER ALREADY, THEN *BEAT IT*. I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO ASK HER *MYSELF*.

ANNE-MARIE, I WAS WONDERING IF...

...IF...

...YOU NEEDED ANY HELP WITH YOUR HOMEWORK TONIGHT.

SURE, DEX. I'LL SEE YOU AT THE USUAL TIME.

SO, JORDAN, WHAT DID YOU WANT TO ASK ME?

NOTHING MUCH. I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU'D LIKE TO GO TO THE PROM WITH ME?

SURE, JORDAN. I'LL GO TO THE PROM WITH YOU.

THREE WEEKS LATER...

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR AGREEING TO CHAPERON THE PROM TONIGHT.

THE KIDS ARE ALL REALLY EXCITED TO SEE THIS SCHOOL'S CELEBRITY GRADUATES--AND *COOL* CELEBRITIES AT THAT!

ZOOT

A DANCE ODYSSEY

DON'T MENTION IT, PRINCIPAL WEATHERS. WE'RE ALWAYS GLAD TO COME BACK AND HELP OUT.

I ONLY HOPE THAT TONIGHT IS A LOT LESS UNEVENTFUL THAN THE *LAST* TIME YOU PAID US A VISIT!

ME TOO. AFTER ALL, HOW MANY MYSTERIES CAN ONE SCHOOL HAVE?

I DON'T KNOW, VELMA, BUT I'VE ALREADY SOLVED MY FIRST MYSTERY OF THE EVENING-- WHERE THE *SNACKS* ARE LOCATED!

ROW FOR MYSTERY RUMBER TWO!

RIGHT, SCOOBY! NAMELY--ARE THERE ENOUGH FOR *BOTH* OF US?

SOME PEOPLE NEVER CHANGE.

BUT, I WAS PREPARED. I HAD THE KITCHEN STAFF WORK OVERTIME SO THAT THERE WOULD BE PLENTY OF FOOD FOR THE *ACTUAL* STUDENTS!

munch munch munch

THE PROM COMMITTEE DID A GREAT JOB ON THE DECORATIONS THIS YEAR.

THEY SURE DID.

THOUGH, IF I'D THOUGHT TO INVITE YOU EARLIER, THEY PROBABLY WOULD HAVE GONE WITH A MORE *MYSTERIOUS* THEME!

THEN I'M GLAD YOU *DIDN'T.*

WE HAVE *ENOUGH* MYSTERIES IN OUR LIVES. WE'LL ENJOY A NIGHT WHERE THE ONLY THING WE HAVE TO DO IS WATCH KIDS HAVING FUN!

SO, WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE TO INVITE US, ANYWAY?

YOU DID, FREDDIE. *DAPHNE,* TOO.

I WAS LOOKING THROUGH AN OLD YEARBOOK AND NOTICED THAT THE TWO OF YOU WERE *PROM KING AND QUEEN* YOUR SENIOR YEAR.

MAYBE YOU CAN SOLVE THIS *MYSTERY* FOR ME, BUT I NOTICED THAT YOU AND DAPHNE DIDN'T ACTUALLY COME TO THE PROM *TOGETHER*.

YOU EACH ARRIVED WITH SOMEONE *ELSE*.

UH--GEE!

EXCUSE ME, BUT I THINK THAT BOY IS HAVING SOME TROUBLE WITH HIS DATE'S CORSAGE!

IT'S A LONG STORY, PRINCIPAL WEATHERS.

I'D TELL YOU-- BUT WHEN I THINK BACK ON IT, I HAVE TO SAY I LIKE SEEING FREDDIE *SWEAT* OVER IT.

THAT'S FREDDIE JONES! HE'S ONE OF THOSE *MYSTERY INC.* PEOPLE. THEY SAY THERE ISN'T A CASE THEY HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SOLVE!

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

WHY? YOU THINK HE CAME TO STEAL YOUR DATE--OOPS, *TOO LATE*!

LAUGH ALL YOU WANT, KEVIN, BUT I'M GOING TO WIN ANNE-MARIE BACK!

NOT IN *THAT* SUIT.

NO-- NOT IN *THIS* ONE.

WELL, HERE COMES ANNE-MARIE, AND SHE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SHE'S YOURS TO WIN BACK.

OHHH--

I SAY FORGET HER AND GO FOR THAT *MYSTERY INC.* GIRL, DAPHNE.

I HEAR SHE GOES FOR *BRAINY GEEKS* LIKE YOU.

THOUGH *THAT'S* A BIG MYSTERY ALL ITS OWN!

I'M *ONLY* INTERESTED IN *ANNE-MARIE*.

BESIDES, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE ALREADY GOT YOUR HANDS FULL WITH A COUPLE *OTHER* MYSTERY INC. MEMBERS.

GROAN

GEE, DEX, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE THE ONLY LOSER HERE WITHOUT A DATE.

YOU SHOULDA SAVED THE MONEY YOU USED TO RENT THE TUX AND MANNED THE SNACK TABLE WITH YOUR BUDDY THERE!

munch munch

I THINK YOU LOOK VERY NICE, DEX.

YOU WAIT, JORDAN. JUST YOU WAIT.

WE'LL SEE WHO'S THE LOSER!

TWO HOURS LATER...

2001

ATTENTION, EVERYONE! THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE CROWNING OF THIS YEAR'S *PROM KING AND QUEEN!*

TO ASSIST IN THEIR CORONATION, WE HAVE HERE TONIGHT A PREVIOUS PROM KING AND QUEEN WHO HAVE GONE OUT AND MADE *REAL NAMES* FOR THEMSELVES...

DAPHNE BLAKE...

...AND FREDDIE JONES!

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

ROH NO! NO RORE ROOD!

LIKE, OF ALL TIMES FOR THE WAITER TO ABANDON HIS POST!

THIS YEAR'S PROM KING AND QUEEN ARE...

JORDAN ANGER AND ANNE-MARIE WILLIAMSON!

HOORAY!

YEAH!

WHOO!

CLAP

CLAP CLAP

YEAH!
WHOO!
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
GASP!
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT'S GOING ON?
NO! THOUGH THE GIRL MAKES A SUITABLE QUEEN...
...THE ONLY THING THAT SHALL BE PLACED ON THE BOY'S HEAD SHALL BE A CURSE!
THAT, AND A TASTE OF MY AX!
NO! DON'T!
IT'S OKAY, ANNE-MARIE! I'M HERE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!
!

SOK

?

WHY, YOU--!

NO, NO! PLEASE DON'T HIT ME AGAIN. PLEASE, I GIVE UP, IT WASN'T MY IDEA!

STOP! IT'S OKAY. THE AX IS MADE OF *FOAM RUBBER!*

KEVIN! YOU ARE SO DEAD, MAN! IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE?

LET HIM TALK! I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT WASN'T HIS IDEA AT ALL!

IT'S TRUE. I ONLY AGREED TO IT BECAUSE JORDAN ALWAYS BEATS ME UP IN THE LOCKER ROOM.

IT WAS DEX'S.

DEX WANTED TO MAKE JORDAN LOOK LIKE A COWARD...

...SO HE COULD WIN ANNE-MARIE AWAY FROM JORDAN BY BRAVELY FACING THE "MONSTER."

YOU'RE THE REAL COWARD, DEX!

I KNOW.

I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRED YOU FOR YOUR INTELLIGENCE AND SENSE OF HUMOR. I THOUGHT YOU LIKED ME TOO.

I KEPT HOPING YOU'D ASK ME TO THE PROM, BUT YOU NEVER DID.

I ONLY AGREED TO GO WITH JORDAN BECAUSE I REALLY WANTED TO GO TO MY PROM. EVEN IF IT WAS WITHOUT YOU!

NOW, I'M GLAD IT WAS WITHOUT YOU!

SNIFF

I *REALLY WANTED* TO ASK HER. I JUST *COULDN'T*...

DEX...I UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY.

FOR MONTHS BEFORE *MY* PROM, I TRIED TO WORK UP THE NERVE TO ASK DAPHNE TO BE MY DATE.

"BUT EVERY TIME I WAS ABOUT TO ASK HER...

"...SOMETHING GOT IN THE WAY."

EEEK! FREDDIE, *LOOK OUT!*

DAGNABBIT!

AND YOU FINALLY ASKED HER?

NO. RODNEY JENKINS BEAT ME TO IT.

BUT...YOU AND DAPHNE WERE VOTED PROM KING AND QUEEN!

YEP. I BRIBED THE DISC JOCKEY. I ASKED DAPHNE TO DANCE A FAST SONG WITH ME. AS SOON AS I HAD HER, THE DJ SWITCHED TO A SLOW ONE, AND I CONFESSED.

WE MADE SUCH AN IMPRESSION ON THE DANCE FLOOR THAT EVERYONE VOTED FOR US.

BUT I CAN'T DANCE, AND ANYWAY, WHAT IF IT DOESN'T WORK?

YOU WON'T KNOW UNTIL YOU TRY. YOU CAME UP HERE TO PROVE YOUR BRAVERY TO HER, DIDN'T YOU?

WELL, THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT.

JUST REMEMBER...

"...YOU DON'T NEED A CROWN TO BE HER PROM KING."

THE END

SOMEWHERE OVER THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST....

FOUR TIMES, THIS FLIGHT HAS BEEN HARASSED BY SPOOKY *FLOATING LIGHTS*--AND EACH TIME, VALUABLES BELONGING TO PASSENGERS HAVE DISAPPEARED!

COULD IT BE A *UFO*?

OR A *HOAX*. AND THAT'S WHAT THE AIRLINE HAS ASKED US TO FIND OUT.

LIKE EXCUSE ME, STEWARDESS--BUT WHEN DO WE EAT?

I'M A *FLIGHT ATTENDANT*--NOT A STEWARDESS! AND I NEED THIS AISLE CLEAR, AND EACH OF YOU *IN YOUR OWN SEATS!*

PUT THAT OLD MEANIE ON THE TOP OF THE SUSPECT LIST.

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.

WHA--? THAT FLASH OF *LIGHT*!

CAN'T *SEE*!

SCOOBY-DOO! in FIGHT OR FLIGHT!

BRETT LEWIS- WRITER
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GASP!

LOOK AT THAT!

DON'T TOUCH IT--

IT COULD BE *DANGEROUS!*

ZZZZZTTT

ACH-- MY HAIR!

ZZZTTT

C'MON, GANG--LET'S FOLLOW IT!

ZZZZZZTTT

IT'S *GONE!*

AND WE'VE GOT A *FULL-FLEDGED MYSTERY!*

LIKE, WHAT *WAS* IT?

IT COULD HAVE BEEN *BALL LIGHTNING*-- ALSO KNOWN AS *ST. ELMO'S FIRE!*

NO-- IT WAS *ALIENS!*

AN *ANGEL!*

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT WAS...

SOUNDS SERIOUS-- GO ON.

--A *BRAKEN-SPECTRE!*

I WAS A *BOMBER PILOT* IN THE WAR. IT WAS 1944, AND WE WERE PUSHING OVER THE RHINE INTO GERMANY.

WE'D SEE *BALLS OF LIGHT* CHASING US! THEY'D PASS *RIGHT THROUGH* OUR PLANES-- GLOWING RED, ORANGE, WHITE-- THEN, *BLINK!* THEY DISAPPEARED!

WE THOUGHT IT WAS SOME KIND OF GERMAN SECRET WEAPON.

BUT THE GERMAN PILOTS WE CAPTURED HAD BEEN CHASED BY THE *SAME* MYSTERIOUS BALLS OF LIGHT!

THEY CALLED THEM-- *BRAKEN-SPECTRE!*

MY *JEWELRY*! MY JEWELRY IS *GONE*!

JUST LIKE ON ALL THE OTHER FLIGHTS!

VALUABLES AND SPECTRE, BOTH VANISHED--AND WE HAVE NO CLUE WHERE!

MAYBE WE DO, FREDDY--TAKE A LOOK AT THIS *SCHEMATIC* OF A *747*.

IS THERE AN ACCESS TO THE *LOWER DECK* BACK HERE?

WELL--THERE'S THE *DUMBWAITER*, FOR TRANSPORTING MEALS.

HEY--LIKE, I'M NO WAITER, LADY!

NOT *YOU*, SILLY! A "DUMBWAITER" IS LIKE A SMALL ELEVATOR.

LET'S SPLIT UP. YOU GIRLS SNOOP AROUND UP HERE...AND WE'LL CHECK BELOW FOR SIGNS OF THAT--*THING*.

SOON...

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT WHEN WE LAND, WHOEVER OR WHATEVER IS BEHIND THIS WILL GET AWAY. THAT GIVES US ABOUT AN *HOUR* TO GET SOME ANSWERS!

THE AIRLINE'S SENT ME *FLIGHT LOGS* FOR ALL OF THE HAUNTED FLIGHTS. I'M CHECKING TO SEE IF ANY PASSENGERS OR CREW MEMBERS ON *THIS* FLIGHT WERE ON ANY OF THE OTHER ONES.

TWO PEOPLE MEET THE PROFILE. *OLGA*, OUR FAVORITE FLIGHT ATTENDANT...

AND *JIMMY MCCAFFREY*, FORMERLY A *REPAIR CREW CHIEF* FOR THIS AIRLINE!

PREVIOUS OCCUPATION:

JIMMY MCCAFFREY : CREW CHIEF

PREVIOUS OCCUPATION:

OLGA OFFINSTEADER, ENGINEER

I THINK I SAW THAT GUY SITTING *THERE* EARLIER!

IT SAYS HE WAS *FIRED!* HMM...DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEE, PRESENT ON EVERY HAUNTED FLIGHT...

HELLO, MR. MCCAFFREY. YOU JUST BECAME OUR *NUMBER ONE SUSPECT.*

MEANWHILE, ON THE DECK BELOW...

LIKE, IT'S SO *DARK!* I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE AFRAID OF A *KITCHEN!*

ON AIRPLANES, IT'S CALLED A *GALLEY*, SHAG. AND ON THIS MAP, IT'S NEAR...

...THE *AVIONICS* AREA, WHERE YOU CAN CONTROL ALL THE PLANE'S SYSTEMS. AND JUST THROUGH HERE IS---

REDDY, ROOK!!

NOW WE'VE GOT IT!

ZZZZZZZZTTT

ZZZZTTT

YIKES! IT'S *TRANSFORMED!*

ZZ

LIKE LET'S GET OUT OF HERE FREDDY!

REERIUSRY!

QUICK, SHUT THE DOOR!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE PASSENGER CABIN...

KNOK KNOK KNOK

LAVATORY OCCUPIED

IT'S HIM!

CAN'T A GUY VISIT THE RESTROOM?

SIR, WE HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS FOR YOU...

SOON...

LISTEN, I WORKED FER THESE BUMS 22 YEARS. SURE THEY FIRED ME, BUT THEY CAN'T STOP ME FROM USING ALL THE FREE FLIGHTS I ACCUMULATED!

THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY YOU ALWAYS TAKE *THIS FLIGHT*. WHY DON'T YOU GO ANYWHERE ELSE?

SO I TAKE THE FLIGHT TO THE DESERT--SO WHAT??!! I GOT A BRONCHIAL CONDITION. THE AIR OUT THERE DOES ME GOOD!

AND SO, SOON AFTER...

THERE'S NO WAY TO SNEAK ON A FLIGHT LIKE THIS. IT'S JUST *GOT* TO BE ONE OF OUR SUSPECTS.

SURE-- BUT *WHICH*?

MEANWHILE...

ZZZTTTT

LIKE, WE'RE *TRAPPED!*

MAYBE NOT. I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

IN FLIGHT STAFF

RELCOME!

LIKE, DID YOU ORDER THE CHICKEN OR THE FISH?

GOT HIM!

SQUISH

HOW ABOUT *BOTH*??!!

BZZZZTTTTT

NOW WHAT?

UNF! RUN FOR THE ELEVATOR, FELLAS!!!!

FWOOP

SOON...

AND I THOUGHT-- HOW WOULD AN AEROSPACE PHENOMENON KNOW *JUDO*? IT'S GOT TO BE A SCAM!

HEY FREDDY, SCOOB'S FOUND SOMETHING ON YOUR ARM!

A CLUE--FLAKES OF METALLIC PAINT!

I'LL BET THESE GLOW IN THE DARK--ESPECIALLY UNDER THOSE *RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS*!

AND I'LL BET WHOEVER THREW ME HAS THAT STUFF ON THEM TOO. HERE'S MY PLAN...

A FEW MINUTES LATER....

NOW, SHAGGY-- *LIGHTS OUT*!

CABIN LIGHTING MAIN SWITCH

WHAT'S GOING ON--?

THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AGAIN--?

AHA!

AND SHE'S *DISGUISED*!

LIKE, SHE'S...NO, SHE *LOOKS JUST LIKE* THE STEWA--ER--FLIGHT ATTENDANT!

A *TWIN SISTER*! IT ALL MAKES SENSE NOW!

THIS GLOWING PAINT CAN BE FOUND IN ANY *FLIGHT EMERGENCY KIT!*

PUT ENOUGH OF IT ON *ANYTHING* IN LOW LIGHT AND IT'D LOOK LIKE A *CHRISTMAS TREE.*

AS FOR THE *REST* OF THE SCAM...OLGA WAS ONCE A BRILLIANT ENGINEER --

I'M *STILL* BRILLIANT, AND SO WAS MY *PLAN!*

IT WAS *EASY!* I COVERED A BEACH BALL WITH THE PAINT TO CREATE THE *ORB*-- AND HID *MAGNETS* IN THE OVERHEAD COMPARTMENTS AND DUMBWAITER.

THE MAGNETS MESSED UP THE PLANE'S CONTROLS, DARKENING THE CABIN AND SCARING EVERYONE!

MEANWHILE, *HELGA* WOULD SNEAK ON DISGUISED AS *YOU.* ONCE ON BOARD, SHE CHANGED HER DISGUISE TO BECOME A PASSENGER...

THEN *SHE'D* STEAL FROM THE OVERHEAD AND LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS, *YOU'D* STASH THEM IN THE CARGO BAY, AND *SHE'D* PICK UP THE LOOT AT BAGGAGE CLAIM!

I THINK WE COULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE MEDDLING KIDS!

YOU JUST KEEP THINKING-- THAT'S *ALL* YOU'RE GOOD AT!

LIKE, I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE DON'T FORGET THE *REAL* VICTIMS HERE.

WHO'S THAT, SHAGGY?

WELL, THEY NEVER SERVED FOOD ON THAT FLIGHT, SO ME AND SCOOB HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE TAKEOFF!

ROOBY ROOBY ROO!

HA HA HA HA HA

THE END

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"